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Back to Poetry.

BY the majority of mankind poetry is regarded as an emotional bonbon adapted to tickle the sensibility of weak women and weaker men; to the scientist of today poetry is the expression of weak-eyed sentimentality, the maudlin mutterings of morbid dreamers, "the mental rattle that awakened mind in the infancy of society"; and yet lovers of literature earnestly insist that poetry is a "deep thing, a teaching thing, the most surely and wisely elevating of human things", the profoundest factor in the development of the race, and the redemptive power in the life of the individual. Which is the true conception? If the highest ideal not only, but the whole duty of man is to know and cherish the best, this question is of first importance to each one of us; for the whole sphere of man's activity, from the comprehension of eternal truth to the performance of menial duties yoked with physical life, must be distorted by remaining merely science, or attain its fine perfection by becoming poetry. To distinguish between the two, to discover the true nature of each, we must compare poetry with physical science, set it side by side with the metaphysical, and find its true relation to modern life.

Physical science begets the mechanical arts, is circumscribed by them, subjected to their standards, and inevitably deteriorates toward materialism. A proof? Every devotee of science, when he turns apologist, pleads for his science not because of its elevating influence on the nature of man, but for proof of its all-sufficiency points to the industrial revolution, the unparalleled increase of wealth, and the improved physical condition of every individual produced by the application to life of scientific principles. The history of physical science is a determined attempt to subjugate all learning to the tyranny of its own methods, to debase all knowledge to its own material standards. Today it points the finger of unspeakable scorn at every one who will not set up practical utility as the ultimate criterion by which all knowledge stands or falls. That alone is true which can be scientifically demonstrated, which can be mathematically formulated. History is useless, Psychology impossible, Theology foolishness. Not to believe in gravitation is the essence of folly; not to believe in the soul is the quintessence of wisdom. O the delusion of the standard which prostitutes education to the advance of man's lesser nature, which barters man's eternal birthright for the pottage of temporal progress! On the morrow that tints the horizon man's heaven-seeking soul shall shake

off the untruth as a serpent sloughing off its skin. With a truer knowledge of the relation of body and soul we shall restore to education the lofty ideal of character culture; we shall return to the noble conception that life, with all its hopes, and fears, and aspirations, is neither more nor less than one great college with the same ideal, the culture of a noble, perfect character, and that the physical is and can be but an incident in the development of a being formed for nobler spheres and a higher destiny. This, this is the transcendent ideal of education, the grandiose conception of life, before whose awful sublimity every other sinks into insignificance.

In the light of such a standard how is poetry glorified! Physical science does not rise above the material; poetry tears aside the veil to reveal the spiritual. Through the one nature ministers to the body; through the other nature ministers to the soul. The former gives us Huxley; the latter gives us Drummond. To poetry alone yon little violet by the brookside whispers its tidings of hope,

> "..... and the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky....."—

all is eloquent with the message of infinite love; to poetry alone the waterfowl in the far heights of the thin, cold atmosphere bears the assurance, that

> "He who from zone to zone
> Guides thro' the boundless sky thy certain flight,
> In the long way that I must tread alone
> Will lead my steps aright";

to poetry alone nature reveals the imposing truth taught by Him, the Poet of Galilee, when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field." If life is more than raiment, if the eternal is greater than the transient, then of a truth 'the better expression in the countenance of physical science' is poetry.

Let us accept metaphysical science in the wide sense as that knowledge which rises above the mere material; we shall still find poetry superior. It is truer than history and biography because, while these are particular and real, poetry is generic and ideal. Napoleon is true for a day, Macbeth is true for ever. Lifting us above the confines and conditions that are an accident of birth, poetry throws the real into perspective, giving us glimpses of higher truth, "provides a solace for the mind broken by the disappointments and sufferings of actual life, and becomes the utterance of inward emotions seeking a purity and truth which the world cannot give."

If moral truth is the highest man can know, poetry still stands preëminent; for the truth of man's duty to himself as comprehended in his duty, to his neighbor, nature, and God is the theme from which poetry can never stray by the very laws which give it life. Immoral poetry is a contradiction of terms. Shall the lifeless clay be called a man because it has a human form? The world's great poets have always risen high above the highest morality of their age. Homer towered above his generation like a heaven-scaling peak; Dante, a consummate water-lily of purity and truth, blossomed above the sordid pool of Medievalism; 'Milton was a beacon of light in an age unworthy of him'; Shakespeare, the "myriad-minded", the divinest soul that ever honored mortal dust, first in knowledge, first in power, first in everything,—Shall time suffice to exhaust the fineness of his moral teaching?

Poetry is superior to all science because it is the expression of the whole soul. Science is reason; poetry is reason subservient to imagination and emotion. The function of science is to classify knowledge; but mere knowledge, truth expressed in the symbols of mind,—has not the human soul through all ages stamped it as cold and inert? as lacking the essential element to drive it home to the hearts and lives of men? And why should it be so except that the soul is more than mind? and that truth is expressed adequately only when it comes surcharged with emotion, enshrined in forms of eternal beauty? It is not for want of proper Economics that the poor eke out life's little span in wretchedness, nor for want of correct Ethics or profound Theology that the world rushes on indifferent to the higher life. Was it a mere coincidence that the Bible is almost entirely poetic? Or does it mean that "truth when it ascends to its highest stage and finds its final expression is" poetry? Ethics and Theology betray moral and revealed truths, throbbing with the very pulse-beat of life, into the hands of the analyzing intellect, that robs them of their quickening power and makes them cold as the touch of death. Science dissects and discovers; poetry restores and creates. Science finds the functions of the soul that poetry employs. We want most of all our knowledge translated into poetry, the language of the heart that never yet found man unresponsive; we want truth in its fullest life-giving power, inspiring the imagination to a vivid perception of nobility before which reason halts in impotence, arousing the affections to an absorbing love of purity and truth, animating man's whole soul to a healthful, harmonious activity that lifts it nearer Him who is the centre of all perfection. Poetry is religion, "the breath and finer spirit of all science", "the centre and circumference of all knowledge."

Can our vaunted age dispense with poetry? The whole tendency of our present civilization is to exalt the mind at the expense of the heart, the body at the expense of the soul, the material at the expense of the spiritual, the transient at the expense of the abiding. Licensed skepticism has swept aside beliefs sanctified by the faith of generations, and sounded the trumpet-call to rebellious assault on the high citadel of revelation. In unholy union with material science it has begotten an all-absorbing commercialism that bribes our legislative assemblies, defiles the policies of nations, and makes life the arena of a death-struggle for wealth. The whole universe has been enslaved to minister to man. But with all this widening of the external, the internal life is contracted, the soul suffers atrophy. The petty gains of today, the increased luxury and power of tomorrow—these are the puerile concerns that trample underfoot immortal destinies!

To combat the evils of today our hope lies not in a better science, not in a fuller knowledge. We must get back to poetry. Poetry is heart, poetry is love, poetry is religion, poetry is eternal. "What were patriotism, friendship, love, virtue; what were our consolations this side the grave and our aspirations beyond,—if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the

owl-winged faculty of calculation dares not ever soar?" The base, earth-born standards of today must be supplanted by the ideals of the poet. With Browning we must learn that 'life is just our chance of the prize of learning love'; with Wordsworth that the better position of a good man's life is "his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love"; we must learn with Paul that love is the supreme gift; with Christ that man's whole happiness, man's whole duty,—yea his very destiny is summed up in that one stupendous word, love. Everywhere in every sphere of life we need poetry to soften bare existence with the witchery of fancy, to regenerate and purge the elementary affections that transfigure human life, to break down the hills of selfishness and fill up every valley of altruism, to quicken and exalt the aspirations and yearnings of the soul, to glorify our little lives with whisperings of the infinite and eternal, to cool the feverish pulse of life and steal into our better hours with the still, small voice of hope and peace and love "that burns swift the spirit's pathway to its God."

O for an appreciation of the grandeur of poetry, the gold of the ages purged of its dross in the alembic of Time! Knowledge shall pass away but poetry endureth forever: love is eternal, and poetry in the last analysis is love—the love of the brightest and best of the sons of men seeking throughout the universe "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure." O to appreciate the only work of man that shall stand eternal midst the wrecks of time! On that last dread day when all the other works of man dissolve in liquid fire, poetry shall rise heavenward like the perfumed incense from a thousand censers, like the exhalation of a million murmured prayers; then the beneficent Father, rejoicing in the product of his creatures, shall once more pronounce the eulogy, "Behold it is very good"; unnumbered legions of angels, catching up their golden harps, shall chant responsive to the song of Moses and the Lamb the immortal strains of mortal men, and the ecstatic ether of heaven shall tremble to a symphony surpassing the music of the spheres.

JOHN E. KUIZENGA.

Toil Onward.

As you wander on life's weary way
May you ever be content,
For you are not the only one
With cares and troubles rent.

What if cares come upon you,
And your way is often dark,
There are always seas of pleasure
In which to sail your bark!

Make your friends around you happy,
And then you'll happy be;
Bid farewell to all your troubles,
Then you'll only pleasures see.

May you then toil gladly onward
As the years of life pass by,
Ever waiting, ever longing
For the mansions in the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

The Sleep Walk in Macbeth.

THE true tragedy is the representation of human life; the theatrical stage but the panorama of the soul's palpitations. How often, alas! is this conception lost to the common mind whose aesthetic, nay rather deep-seeing eye, is spread with a film of mental drowsiness. Little wonder that the drama is doomed if they could doom it, and the "Macbeth's" and "Romeo's", the lofty creations sprung from the forehead of an earthly Jove, styled as a dry novel and a silly romance. That deeper study of the soul they neglect, that silent, eternal machinery which moulds the motives and turns them out in thoughts and deeds. Their criticisms would be just if these so-called masterpieces did not relate life, for no literature written, painted, or played, can claim intrinsic worth that does not body forth the real—and the real is life in its multiformity. Raphael in his "Ecce Homo" did not sketch the form,—it was a man standing out from the canvas full of tender living sympathies; Mozart in his celebrated symphonies did not roughly brush the keys,—it was his soul trembling upon the vibrating strings. Alas that the blind see not! So too was Shakespeare with a heart singing the major and minor melodies of the deeper man.

Critics say that Shakespeare stands unrivalled, except perhaps by Keats, in naturalistic interpretation, but peerless indeed, and that is greater, in the moral. And it is by the last that I am most intensely impressed. I pass over his imaginative flights, his laconic remarks, his poetic rhythm, his passionate diction. All these are overshadowed by the denser foliage of a larger oak.

I am greatly impressed by his presentation of universal types of character, his masterly development of abnormal ambition and his discriminative tracing of its disastrous consequences, by his adroit symbolic creations; but that which is most highly fascinating in the drama, yet most intensely real is the last act in Lady Macbeth's fateful career. What a conjuring up of the sublime in Lady Macbeth's somnambulistic walk! Behold here consummate art in the portrayal of a lofty intellect falling together in helpless ruin; elastic energies expiring in flabby collapse. She had spurned the flanks of ambition to an unholy act; she had fueled for a time the fitful flame of success, but her vital resources were not without bottom. Frightful dreams had shaken her nightly slumbers; poignant imaginings had flitted through her cowering mind when activity had been swallowed up of the senses' repose. In the night that rigid active will could not rein tight the horrible fantasms of fancy nor confine the emotions within the frigid walls of self-possession,—aye, reason itself had abdicated her throne. There was no riddance from the recurrence of these unwelcome visions; Macbeth might froth and fume to let

> "The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
> Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
> In the affliction of these terrible dreams
> That shake us nightly";

but no disjunction of the universe could smooth the livid scar that coursed deep over the soul. Repentance might soothe, but not remove; that scar is eternal.

How deeply exposed it lies when on that last fatal night she once more sinks into those sleeping agonies that

had gnawed almost asunder her bleeding heart chords! How weirdly sad she walks with flickering candle in hand, with her dark hair flowing, with those deep eyes open, yet sightless, whose very blankness makes silent piteous appeals, with her whole expression varying with the tumultuous heaving of an inner sea! What a confusion of mental states meets the eye as it follows the rapid transitions of this heart-silencing drama! There is the blood spot on her hand—she sees it—the wave of helpless, hopeless remorse runs high. She may cry, has often cried,

"Out, damned spot! out, I say!"

but she knows her cries will dissipate unanswered,—it was always so. Now the clock vibrates through the darkness and she counts "One, two." It carries her by long years to where she once stood with bated breath awaiting tne return of her bloody emissary from the chamber of peaceful Duncan—now tranquil forever. Where is she now? "Hell is murky." Ah! the past has flown with lightning wings; the future looms dread. The murk of Hell expands in the near distance as if to enclose her. Lady, Destiny seems plotting to make thy end most wretched. Yet 't is but for a moment. Again the past summons forth her image. Macbeth is wavering out of his dread design; but her consuming ambition prods him on with withering ridicule.

Yet in these constant transitions of mind she is irresistibly drawn to that drop of blood upon her hand. It is not Duncan's alone; it stands representative of a host of murders that followed in the wake of the first pregnant deed. See her bending once more over that delicate hand, her eyes tearless but her heart shot through and through by the biting pangs of remorseful grief. How we pity her! How our souls dissolve in tears as we sketch her on the imagination, and see her gazing hopelessly upon the deep rents and mutilating mars of her life, and hear from her deepest being such anguish as was never wrung from other mortal! We hear her speak, "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." What anguish—irremediable anguish,—uncomforted woe! but what a sigh is there! With her heart surcharged with the ghastly images of the past which were lying cold and bloody in innocence, by whose lips, forever mute, there seemed to be shaped the bewildered "Why!", she saw herself fated to wear the eternal blood-drop, and from her swelling bosom are fairly forced three heart-bursting sighs, "O! O! O!" Let not rhetoric the most eloquent attempt to define the psychology of these sighs, for the drawbridge is raised before this hallowed castle. Language is powerless to convey any adequate notion of the deep-thrilling significance, the most sublime remorse that lies in them. The 'heart was indeed sorely charged', so charged that erelong it broke.

In this sleep-walk poetic justice is appeased, and fully so. Ambition had placed Lady Macbeth upon the throne, but at the sacrifice of her peace and happiness and, ultimately, her life. She had dammed up the life stream of fathers, mothers, children, angels of innocence; now hers was to dash upon sharp-cornered rocks and along ragged banks till it was lost in the great sea of Death.

W. A. B. S. W.

Sonnet.

While, in a dense and silent forest broad,
  Through winding paths that shun the stubborn tree,
With happy thoughts, I wandered, many a rod,
  An old log cabin came in sight to me.
This, on a quiet wood bound hill alone,
  Secluded from the din of life; and all,—
Save what wild beasts and whispering trees atone,—
  Stands sacred, silent, waiting for its fall.
Then wondered I, if on this lonely hill
  Beneath heaven's azure dome where all about
The drooping cedars murmured as if ill,
  And spread their leafy branches sadly out,
A genial soul could flourish, all bereft
Of those whom God to man as helpmates left.

N. E. Van Dam.

Lights of Fancy.*

I DELIGHT at times to lay aside the cares and labors incident to human life, and let my mind and heart make holiday, to go at random thru quiet woodlands and blooming valleys and to pause beside sparkling streams and beautiful rivers, to visit old familiar firesides, to think the thoughts and feel the emotions of bygone days. Hawthorne beautifully expresses it when he says that it must be a spirit much unlike his own which can keep itself in health and vigor without sometimes stealing from the sultry sunshine of the world, to plunge into the cool bath of solitude. "At intervals, and no infrequent ones, the forest and the ocean summon me—one with the roar of its waves, the other with the murmur of its boughs—forth from the haunts of men."

Not basking in the warm sunlight on the sea-shore nor bathed in the solemn stillness of some forest, but in the solitude of my own room I sat alone—alone if indeed one can ever be said to be alone who is accompanied by his sweetest thoughts. As I have said I let my mind and heart make holiday. When I let them loose they seem to me to be children—a boy and a girl: the former the mind, the latter the heart—just out of school for the day. Nowhere do I come into such intimate relation, or learn so much concerning the nature of these two pupils as when I watch them in their frolic and listen to their discussions. Now they see a flower. He begins to count and analyze; she to sing of purity, beauty, and harmony. Now they stand on the summit of a mountain by the border of what seems a limitless expanse of oceans. He speaks of masses, magnitudes, vastness; she of grandeur, sublimity, God. They visit the haunts of sin. He censures and condemns; she pities

* Selection from an essay commended for its poetic thought.

and uplifts. In the vales of sorrow and of death, he bestows a word; she a tear. They watch the falling of the snow and give us their impressions. Says he, "the mist has been condensed to snow and, being too heavy to be held in suspension, descends. It is a goodly sight, an excellent addition to the elements of atmosphere and earth"

Now hear the girl: "It is the most solemn thing in Nature. The falling of the snow, as does the falling of the leaf, ever reminds one of the common destiny of man,—age, death, decay. The flakes seem to be burying the hopes and adding to the miseries of the poor. The highest thought of comfort that it brings, is that it is purity's mantle covering earth's decay and sin." Thus we see them. He roams in a world of thought; she in a universe of love.....

WILLIAM H. COOPER.

The Sunset.

Oh, the sunset sky is grandest
With those flaming crimson bars,
Banks of purple, quiet pearl tints,
Flakes of white, like fading stars.

Then the sun as one unwilling
Rudely to withdraw from sight,
Forms this changing veil of glories,
And behind it sinks in night.

When I gaze I think of sister,
Watching nightly till they fade,
For so quaintly sweet her saying,
"Out of that the stars are made."

EVELYN VISHER.

Notes and Comments.

Poetry of Today.

Present day poetry hardly deserves to be called anything more than versification—if we take that word in its broadest sense, and include stanza-making The demand of the age is novelty, and that of *form* rather than of *thought*. Neither does this demand for novelty include a desire for a nearer attainment to perfection. The stately stride of heroic verse, the wave of emotion caused within the poet's breast by external circumstances with its increasing swell and its introspective recoil, as seen in the sonnet,—these do not satisfy our present-day poet. To invent some new and peculiar form of stanza, with an intricate internal rhyme-scheme, is the height of his ambition. This, too, suits the publisher; for this he is willing to pay.

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Form alone a poet need acquire; thought and sentiment may be borrowed from the former poets. Many a man plays on the harp of a Milton nowadays with impunity. He is safe as long as he does not strike the deeper notes of sublimity. If he will only strike the lesser notes, introduce himself with a pleasant bow, draw the attention of his audience by tuning his instrument in an impressive way, and then strike the oft-repeated notes more skillfully and dexterously than any of his predecessors, then will the world—and alas, too often even critics - hail him as a great poet. What a pity it is that people should pay such close attention to his manner of striking the keys that they never think of the music,—never think that a greater musician has struck those same keys with a stronger hand and has sent forth sweeter and sublimer sounds.

If one of the characteristics of patriotism is to set aside one's own language and learn the tongue of one's adopted country, the Dutchman in that respect is very patriotic. The Holland immigrant may tenaciously cleave to his mother tongue, but his children soon forget it. This is, however, not so bad. But some are afraid to use it when occasion demands it. If an American happens to come in sight, a blush may be seen to color their cheeks, a redder hue than many a coquette can make with her whole supply of cosmetics. Others actually despise the language of their fathers. That is entirely wrong. Such should be socially ostracised from the community. There is no reason why anyone should be ashamed of being a Hollander or of being conversant with the language.

A Plea for Dutch.

But it concerns us more directly in what way the study of Dutch literature affects our education True, a liberal education does not imply an acquaintance with it. Still there are many at our college who can read it, and with some assistance would soon make considerable progress in it. From whatever side we consider it, the subject is worthy of diligent study.

If it were studied only for its literature, it would amply repay the student. There is no modern nation which can boast of a more glorious history and nobler men than Holland. It was the harbinger of political liberty and religious freedom in Europe, the asylum for the persecuted and oppressed. These great principles have not failed to make a lasting impression on its literature. They have been the fountain of inspiration to the poet and philosopher.

But there is a still more practical side to the subject. There are many in our colleges who expect to use the Holland language in the future. They do not, however, take advantage of the "Ulfilas"; most likely do not read any master-pieces of the literature; but expect to master it all when they get in the seminary. It need hardly be said that such make a sad mistake.

We believe, moreover, that a powerful stimulus would be given to this study, if it were made an elective one instead of being a compulsory one. The classes would be smaller, but the few would not be hampered by the indifferent many.

The language of our ancestors certainly should have as great a claim upon us, their descendents, who are to use it in active life, as the study of French or German. In time it will disappear, but not during our day. May there always be found some who will appreciate its literature! And when finally that day shall come, when it must lay down its hoary head never to rise again, may there still be some who shall be worthy to carry it to an honored grave.

Poetry is the language of emotion. Without this it misses its true mark.

Why Read Poetry?

Accordingly, when we turn to poetry, we go to be moved, not to be taught, though we may at times drape a gem with poetic garments. Emotion is the antonym of reason. The first deals with the childhood of life; the second with the fullgrown man. Nations first poetize, then reason. The former is gentle, warm, passionate. We read poetry, therefore, to get back to childhood.

The child is a *true* creature. We behold life here, not as circumstance and environment and education have made it, but as nature framed it. The expression of the face, the glance of the eye, the babbling tongue show exactly what is within. Childlife is true life, because it is free from the affectations and hypocrisies of lying fashion. To read poetry, therefore, is to read the real heart of humanity. Poetry is universal. It confines itself to no age, to no race, to no class The poor and the rich both enjoy it. King and subject are here on an equality. In fact, the poet simply tells what the world feels. We see the gold in the clouds; to all there is music in the wind; the breeze is but the breath of heaven.

But to what purpose this emotion, it is asked. Does not the world after all want reason? Can we afford to be children? We can if we are *true*. After all what is man but a grown-up child? Giving to reason all that is its due, yea considering it even the preeminent faculty of man, yet would we not discard the more spiritual, the ennobler of the aesthetic. Amid the stern realities of life let reason cut and slash, defending, sifting and clarifying truth. But shall this truth be made effective, do we desire to impress it upon men, then let us turn to poetry. Here lies a common heartbeat.

And here lies at once the power of oratory. To be a good orator, one must have the spirit of poetry. It begets action because it is born of feeling. And what is oratory but action? The boy describes a fire, and mouth, eyes, face, the hands and the feet, the whole boy is in motion. That is oratory.

But more. To read poetry is to acquire the choicest diction. No words more acceptable than the poet's. They are simple, harmonious, concrete. Few people care for the abstract; they must hear and see. Again, it stores the mind with images of the sublime. At one time it soars heavenward; at another it descends into "Chaos and Old Night." Here is grand and majestic imagery. Do we wish mighty action, let us go to Milton. The Puritan still reigns supreme. To see human nature, there is Shakespeare with the sublime and the base, the earnest and the joyful, the tears and smiles lying at every hand. These men shout, being moved by the deepest emotions of life. The result is powerful expression.

Thus we might continue to enumerate reasons why poetry should be read. Suffice it to say, that it is a sort of perfecting of life. It is true this age of material would have for its ideal man what? A sound, corpulent animal, fit neither for intellectual nor emotional life, but simply to eat, drink and die. Let him rest. We cannot reason away the emotions of men. The weary and the heavy laden are still with us. Besides, studying these emotions, we learn to know them and knowing them we shall control them.

Some of the students have called our attention to a note in the *Adrian World*, asking why THE

Exchanges.

ANCHOR excludes the exchange department. Many reasons might be given but let it suffice to say that most college editors put in an exchange column simply to fill up space. In our opinion such space may be used to far greater advantage in other ways.

Besides what do exchanges amount to anyway? No genuine criticism is given. It is mere flattery given with the expectation that the compliment will be returned. We pity the editor who is trying to get praise for his work in that way.

Joost Van den Vondel.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL, ofscl oon van Nederlandschen bloede, was in 1587 te Keulen geboren. Zijne ouders, bij zijne geboorte te Keulen wonende als vluchtelingen uit Antwerpen, ter wille hunner godsdienstige overtuigingen, waren van Vlaamsche afkomst. Na enkele jaren verliet het gezin Keulen om zich in 1597 te Amsterdam te vestigen, waar Vondel's vader een handelshuis in zijden kousen oprichtte. Bij den dood van zijn vader, in 1608, werd hij zijn opvolger in den handel. Met zijn drie en twintigste jaar trad hij in het huwelijk met Maaiken de Wolf, die later, toen Vondel als dichter was opgetreden, het bestuur van den handel op haar nam.

Tot op zijn vijf en twintigste jaar, kenmerkt zijn leven zich door niets buitengewoons. Zijne opvoeding was zeer beperkt. Ofschoon hij van zijne kindsheid af aan eene voorliefde had getoond voor letterkundigen arbeid, toch, deels door financieele omstan-

digheden, maar meer door de moeilijkheid tot studie, wegens zijn zwervend leven veroorzaakt, was hij onbekend gebleven met al de literatuur der oudheid, en bewoog zich uitsluitend binnen de nauwe grenzen zijner moedertaal. De gedichten die hij voor zijn vijf en twintigste jaar geschreven heeft, beloven niet den grooten dichter, dien Nederland te wachten stond.

Vondel bespeurde echter spoedig wat hem ontbrak. Hij legde zich met ijver op het aanleeren van vreemde talen toe, eerst Fransch en Duitsch, later Latijn en Grieksch met zoodanigen uitslag, dat hij weldra niet alleen in staat was de oude meesters in het oorspronkelijke te lezen, maar hunne stukken over te zetten in zijne eigene moedertaal. Hij bestudeerde met ijver de gedichten van Homerus en Virgilius; en de invloed dier classieke schrijvers is te bespeuren in al Vondel's werken. Ja, zijne bijna slaafsche bewondering der oude meesterstukken strekte zich zoo ver uit dat hij, onzes inziens, veel van zijne originaliteit verloor. Wij noemen slechts *Gijsbert van Aemstel* en *Palamedes*, en gij hebt niets minder dan een Latijnsch en een Grieksch drama in een Nederlandsch pak gestoken, voor u.

Doch niet alleen de grijze oudheid, maar ook de meer hedendaagsche kunst, en wel in het bijzonder, de Fransche dichter Du Bartas, oefende een grooten invloed op onzen Vondel uit. Zijn eerste drama, *Het Pascha*, is eene nauwe navolging van het Fransche *Sepmaine*. Voorts ook zijn *Gulden Winkel*, *De Vaderen*, *De Heerlijkheid Salomons*, en veel meer getuigen van de groote waardeering, welke hij voor den Franschen kunstenaar koesterde. Evenals Du Bartas, ontleende hij de stof voor een groot aantal zijner tooneelstukken uit de Heilige Schrift.

In zijn *Lucifer*, evenals later Milton, voert hij ons "op lucht en vleugels" "van kreits in kreits" tot in den "Raet van 's Hemels Stedehouder", om den aartsengel, Lucifer, met al zijne oproerige geesten van God te zien afvallen, en na den strijd der boosheid te zien nederploffen in eeuwige vernietiging. Het oorspronkelijke doel van dit drama was echter niet zoo zeer het leveren eener bijdrage tot de kunst als eene politieke allegorie. Sommigen beweren dat de schrijver, die bij dezen tijd tot de Roomsch Katholieke Kerk was overgegaan, hier de republiek, met den Prins van Oranje aan het hoofd, in opstand tegen Philips II., met Lucifer wilde allegoriseren. Dat dit echter zoo is, valt niet te betwisten. Dr. Ten Brink zegt dienaangaande dat, "toen hij eenmaal de historisch-tragische figuur van den afvalligen aartsengel koos, wijdde hij zich geheel aan zijn onderwerp, en vergat hij de allegorie." Desniettegenstaande, hadden Vondel's vijanden zijne bedoelingen goed gevat; en nadat dit drama twee maal ter tooneele was gevoerd, wisten zij deszelfs verdere vertooning te beletten.

Toch heeft Vondel zijn onsterfelijken roem niet bloot verworven als tooneeldichter. Zijne lier-dichten, in toon, verscheidenheid en kracht, verheffen zich ver boven alle soortgelijke voortbrengselen van zijnen tijd. Zelfs moet Milton, hoezeer ook in andere opzichten zijn meerdere, hier voor hem onderdoen. "Sommigen zingen, om zoo te zeggen, zelfs zonder muziek; anderen, plechtiger, ruischen gelijk de zee; anderen, woester, bruisen als een waterval; anderen, feller, kletteren als hagel; anderen trekken met den stap van gewapende krijgsbenden ontzagwekkend voorbij; anderen, lustig, dansen als sylphen om u heen; anderen, somber, slaan de doodenmarsch in uw hart," Hier staat hij als Nederlands ongekroonde koning. Zelfs veel van zijne dramas hebben hunnen lof voornamelijk te danken aan de reien of lyrische bijspelen die er op een of meer plaatsen in voorkomen.

Vondel bezat een zeer hartstochtelijk karakter. Wat hij gevoelde, moest er uit. Zijne lier-dichten getuigen vaak van eene gemoeds-beweging die als een zee over hem los breekt. De oprechtste ontboezemingen, de warmste sympathie, maar ook de ontstuimigste hartstochten en de snerpendste satire vloeien te zamen uit dezelfde ader. Sphiegel was een groot man, Hooft was een geleerd schrijver, maar Vondel spant de kroon als lier-dichter, wiens roem noch door kwaadaardige afgunst, noch door vijandelijken tegenstand hem ontrukt kan worden, maar als de jaren vermenigvuldigen, zal zijn lof en hulde bij de nageslachten toenemen. Zijne geschriften zullen eene gulden bladzijde blijven in Neerland's Letterkundige Werken.

ULFILAS.

Youth.

Years make not age; the hair may long be gray,
The frame be bowed 'neath burdens of life's day,
And tottering tremble at each step, and yet
The heart, wherein love's sun has never set,
Shall still be young and bow to youthful sway.

Years make not age; the face be beaming bright,
The frame erect, the footstep even light,
While youthful passions burn within, and yet
The heart, with crimsoned crime and sin beset,
Will quickly age and fade away in night.

Years make not age; the conscience ever clear,
The hearts that throb with love need never fear
Lest Time's quick passing rob them of their prize,
As days from nights and nights from days arise,
So feel they not the passing of each year.

JOHN S. RAUM.

De Alumnis.

EDITED BY HENRIETTA A. ZWEMER, '00.

Rev. R. Bloemendal, '86, of Muskegon, has been called to Englewood, Ill.

Rev. John M. Van der Meulen, '91, of Kalamazoo, has received the call from the First Reformed church of Grand Rapids.

We hear that Harry Wiersum, '96,

has been appointed by our Board of Foreign Missions, as missionary to Arabia, and that he expects to leave some time during the summer.

Rev. John G. Fagg, '81, was one of the nominees appointed by the Grand River Classis, to fill the vacancy in the New Brunswick Seminary, and Rev. A. H. Huizenga, Ph. D, '80, has been appointed to the same vacancy by the Classis of Holland.

Among the Societies.

C. VAN DER MEULEN, '00.

L. L. L.

The activity of literary life at Hope was well shown by the Ladies Literary League entertainment. When the public entered last Tuesday evening they found the hall tastefully draped with red and white, the L. L. L. colors. A picture of Queen Wilhelmina also adorned the walls. Dr. Kollen in a few genial words welcomed the audience and introduced to them the Society and the *Steinway Concert Grand Piano*. He stated that this was an innovation, and before the evening was over the audience had determined that a few more innovations of this kind are just what is wanted.

One of the principle features of the entertainment was the dedication of the new piano. Under the skillful touch of Mr. Post the instrument was introduced to the public and fulfilled the highest expectations. The greater part of the program was rendered by the ladies themselves and the hearty applause which each number received demonstrated its merit. The L. L. L. is to be congratulated and may feel assured of the hearty support of the rest of the college in whatever it may undertake.

ULFILAS AND DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

The public meeting of the 'Deutsch Verein' and the 'Ulfilas' was interesting to all those who are well enough versed in German to appreciate an address in that tongue. The main interest was centred upon the debate. The question was: Resolved, that Bismarck did more for Germany than William the Silent did for Holland. Mr. Theilken of the "Deutsche Verein" who argued the affirmative side of the question received the decision of the judges.

Y. M. C. A.

On Mar. 30, Rev. J. Van der Erve addressed the Y. M. C. A. on the "Special Hermeneutics of the Apocolypse." The gentleman spoke with his usual vigor and the address was enjoyed by all.

The opening week of the term Dr. Clark, the Field Sec'y of the Board of Domestic Missions was in town and the students were privileged to hear him on several occasions. He led the college prayer meeting on Tuesday night and also spoke in the chapel on Friday morning.

On April 13th Rev. J. M. Van der Meulen of Kalamazoo addressed the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting having for his subject "The Lives of Jacob and Esau", and on the 20th Rev. Dr. J. Van der Meulen, of Ebenezer, spoke on "Our Heavenly Commonwealth."

To Robert Burns.

Sing on, thou bard of Scotia,
Hush not thy gentle strain.
All tribes and tongues have heard thee;
Thou hast not sung in vain.

The minstrel harp has quivered
Beneath thy peasant hand,
Till songs both sad and cheerful
Re-echoed thro the land.

What tho thy fate was cruel,
In the hour of thy despair?
It makes thy lustre brighter,
It adds fresh splendor there.

Then sing thou bard of Scotland.
We love thy simple lays.
Our hearts recall with gladness
The memory of thy days.

E. STRICK.

College Jottings.

EDITED BY E. D. KREMERS, '01. AND J. A. BIRCHBY, '01.

Keesje! "I know who did dat!"

May 5th, next week.

Don't you be the lonely man who doesn't wear the College colors.

The L. L. L. entertainment was a marvelous display of dignity on the part of the ladies. The best part of the "party" was the absence of the L. L. L. from the programme. Dr. Kollen's short and pithy sayings added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The Seniors have been decorating the campus with graduated bean-poles in pleasant localities. However, they (the trees) promise well for the future.

The famous paradox: "Keep off the grass, and sometime we may get a little."

The next on the programme is a new diamond and good tennis courts.

After witnessing the phenomenal one hand catches of young Schaafsma, "Pete" has decided to play with the "city kids" this season.

Hoffman wears his engagement ring on his fifth finger—funny!

Don't show your love letters to the local editors.

A maiden fair, with golden hair,
And features run in classic molds,
And garments draped in *graceful* folds,
Addressed a rivulet;
"O brook! Wake up, you sleepy head!
Don't try to run, and lie in bed!
You haven't *got* there yet!"

A rippling smile o'erspread the while,
That smooth and calm expanse of face,
And never trouble left a trace,
But thus he made reply:—
"A sprint, I s'pose you want of me,
But sure my gear will A. T. B.
Yes, will be till I die!"

Some of the classes are putting in their time between recitations practicing the yells. "Gute Speerit."

At the election of the base-ball association M. Den Herder was elected manager. The moneys go to "Chappie" Van Dam and Mellie takes care of the "stuff", namely, he is mascot.

Legters and Van der Meulen have a collection of pictures which will be placed on exhibition. The whole collection will be shown except those last ones they took!

"Its *pat*, as the Irishman says."—Nykerk.

"Don't you monkey with the new piano"!!!

The Seniors insist that although they do leave, they are not dead as the Sophomores tried to make out.

"Winnie"; "Edmund Burke was a Scotchman, that is, he was an Englishman, er—I think may be a little of both,—" Prof. "And the mixture made an Irishman, I suppose?"

"Ditto"; "I don't see much sense in that dialect poetry." Prof. "You have my sincere sympathy."(?)

Professors Dimnent and Nykerk have signed agreements for a two mile bicycle race. Prof. Dimnent may be seen training on River and 15th st.

The days of Spring are here at last and everybody should come out on the campus. Support the team and strengthen it for next year.

For the student the 'Saturday Evening Post' is a paper of peculiar interest. Its stories are just the thing to read during spare moments. Not only do they afford great pleasure but profit as well, on account of their easy flowing style. The editorials and the notices on Public Occurrence are beautifully adapted to give one a very good insight into the history-making events of the day. Send for a sample copy to the Curtis Pub. Co., Phila., Pa.

Preparations for the contest are going steadily on. The boys are doing their best to see the thing through, and those not on committees ought to support the different chairmen. If every one bears his share of the expense the committees will see that the proper things are done.

Macbeth and Physics at the same time are not very good for the "A"s. This is how they quote: "Cast Physics to the dogs."

The old piano was awarded to the L. L. L. in appreciation of their enterprising spirit, and their dignity. They found willing helpers in removing it to its new quarters.

T. De Witt Miller's humorous lecture closes the course for this year. Throughout the season attendances have been good, and although there were one or two disappointments, we trust that the financial part was successful. One thing might be commented upon. When the town's people are asked to share in the course, a good many want the privilege of paying a good price and obtaining good seats. Then, the place for reserving seats is not the place for college rushes, but for an orderly line-up to secure tickets.

There was a young man named Sayad,
In his form like a nymph or a dryad.
But one day he got fly
And he knocked out his eye,
And now he looks *awfully* tired.

The class of "01", noted for their daring in attempting innovations, and for successfully carrying them out, have decided to publish a college annual in their Junior year. Editors and committees have been appointed under the head of J. G. Winter, and if all things work well will produce something of interest to alumni and students.

Prof. Nykerk is making a special study at present of poetry taken direct from nature;

"He who would climb to fair renown
May have some trouble getting down."

How great is the force of example! The applicant for the new class in table manners gracefully passes his hymn book to a young lady, and then proceeds to put his foot in it with the lady organist, however Fritz has been inspired to a flight of genius and helps him out. Etiquette seems rather complicated.

Have you felt the L. L. L. grip? Try it!

From best authorities we learn that the ladies have appointed Miss Visher as their yell-mistress.

Prof. Boers finds fault with the kingdoms of the Goths in regard to their unwritten laws. But this was in the case of a barbarous nation.

The position of college carpenter will shortly be vacant, the present incumbent having been called to the seminary.

"Wives and other disadvantages." Oh! "Hanky."

There are vague reports floating around the campus of more mortarboards.

The college team have elected Rob De Pree captain.

That beautiful picture of blooming German life has left the campus and a host of fond admirers are bewailing the departure of Mr. Koets.

Poor Old "Leg."

[Special to ANCHNOR!]

While Prof. Dimnent was reading Greek, one of the Juniors fainted! Particulars in next issue.

A second "Prickers" has appeared as one of the candidates for the baseball team. His name is Stegenga of the "D."

Who knows anything about Dr. Kollen's burglar?

"On my honor as a gentleman."(?)

"Oh! I'm good now."

The Blue and Orange have blossomed out on the heads of the enthusiasts, and everybody says it's better than green.

Heard around the new platform:

M.—"Yes, I keeps him for his board 'til I learns him de trade."

TeK.—"Yah! you do. I got to teach him everything we do."

Onlooker.—"Who's a liar?"

The day that Pop VerWop sails, the college flag will be raised at half-mast. Committee please take notice.

STUDENT'S DIRECTORY.

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